TAYLORS REVENGE

OR

THE RYMER WILLIAM FENNOR *Firkt, Feritted, and finely fetcht* ouer the Coales.

WHEREIN

His Riming Raggamuffin Raſcallity, without *Partiallity, or feare of Principallity, is Anagramatized,* Anotomized, & Stigmatized.

The occaſion of which Inuective, is breifly ſet downe in the Preface to the Reader.

Reuenge doth Gallop when it ſeemes to creepe,
For though my wrong did winke, it did not ſleepe.

PRINTED
At *Rotterdam*, at the ſigne of the blew *Bitch* in *Dog*-Lane, and are to be ſold, almoſt any where.
AND
Tranſported ouer ſea in *A Cods belly*, and caſt vp at *Cuckolds Haven* the laſt Spring-tide. 1615.

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To Any that can Read.

BE thou either Freind or Foe or indiferent, all's one, Read, Laugh, like or dislike, all the care is taken: The cheifest cause why I wrote this, was on set purpose to please my selfe. Yet to shew thee the meaning of this little Building, Imagin this Epistle *to be the doore, and if thou please come in and see what stuffe the whole Frame is made off. Be it therefore knowne vnto all men, that I* Iohn Taylor Waterman, *did agree with* William Fennor, *(who Arrogantly and falsely entitles himselfe the Kings Maiesties* Riming Poet) *to Answere me at a triall off Wit on the* seauenth of October last 1614. *on the* Hope *stage on the* Bank-side, *and the said* Fennor *Receiued of me ten shillings in earnest of his comming to meete me, whereupon I caused* 1000 *bills to be Printed, and deuulg'd my name* 1000 *wayes and more, giuing my Freinds and diuers of my acquaintance notice of this* Bear-garden *banquet of daintie Conceits, and when the day came that the Play should haue been performed, the house being filld with*

a great Audience, who had all ſpent their moneyes extraordinarily: then this Companion for an Aſſe, *Ran away & left me for a* Foole, *amongſt thouſands of critticall Cenſurers: where I was ill thought of by my freinds, ſcorned by my foes, and in concluſion, in a greater pr[illegible]zell then the blinde* Beare *in the midſt of all her whip broath; Beſides the ſome of twenty poundes in money, I loſt my Reputation amongſt many, and gaind diſgrace in ſtead of my better expectations. In Reuenge of which wrongs done vnto me by the ſaid* Ryming Raſcal, *I haue written this Inuectiue againſt him, cheifly becauſe the ill looking Hound doth not confeſſe he hath iniur'd me, nor hath not ſo much honeſty as to bring or ſend me my money that he tooke for earneſt of me: but on the contrary part, he Railes and Abuſes me with his callumnious tongue, and ſcandalizeth me in all Companies where he heares me nominated. But in a word, Reader when thou haſt read this that followes, I thinke thou wilt Iudge me cleare of the many falſe Imputations that are laid vpon me. So I leaue thee to thy Conſiderations, and I proceed to my Exclamations.*

Thine as thou art mine,

IOHN TAYLOR.



VVillyam Fennor.

Annagrama.

NV Villany *For me*
OR
Forme NV Villany.

NV Villany *For me*, Nue freſh and New,
Or *Forme* NV Villany, Come *Turk*, come *Iew*,
Come who dares come, for I haue found a Theame,
That ouerflowes with matter like a ſtreame.
And now ſtand cleere my maiſters, ware your ſhins,
For now to kick and fling my Muſe begins.
How fit his name is Annagrammatiz'd,
And how his Nature is Annotomiz'd,
T'would make a horſe with laughing break his bridle
But to the purpoſe, long delayes are idle.

TO

TO WILLYAM FENNOR.

COme Sirrha, Raſcall, off your cloathes, Sr. ſtrip,
For my Satyrrick whip ſhall make you skip:
Th'adſt better to haue dealt with all the Deuills,
They could not plague thee with ſo many euills.
Nay come man, neuer whine, or crooch or kneele,
My heart cannot one iot of pitty feele,
I'haue ſqueez'd the Gall from out the *Lernean* Snake
With which, Reuengefull Inke I meane to make,
Which I with *Aqua-fortis* will Commix,
Yblended with the loathſome Lake of ſtix,
And with that *Marrow*-eating hatefull Inke
Ile make thee (more then any *Aiax*) ſtinke,
A *Scritch-owles* quill ſhall be my fatall pen,
That ſhall emblaze thee baſeſt ſlaue of men.

So

So that when as the pur-blinde worlde ſhall ſee
How vildley thou haſt playd the Rogue with mee,
They ſhall perceiue I wrong'd them not for pelfe
And thou ſhalt (like a Raſcall) hang thy ſelfe.
What damned Villaine would forſweare & ſweare
As thou didſt, gainſt my Challenge to appeare,
To Anſwer me at *Hope*, vpon the ſtage
And thereupon my word I did ingage,
And to the world did publiſh printed Bills
With promiſe that we both would ſhew our skills.
And then your Rogue-ſhip durſt not ſhew your face
But Ran away, and left me in diſgrace.
To thee, ten ſhillings I for earneſt gaue
To binde thee that thou ſhouldſt not play the Knaue,
Curr, hadſt thou no mans Creddit to betray
But mine, or couldſt thou finde no other way,
To *Shark*, or *Shift*, or *Cony-catch* for money
But to make me thy *Aſſe*, thy *Foole*, thy *Coney*?

Could not thy Squire and thee, (a brace of *Varlots*)
Rimde, *Foold*, & *Pip'd*, mongſt pocky *Whoores* & *Har-*
For two-pence in ſome drunken *Bawdy-booth* (*lots*
To pleaſe thy *Doxy-dells* ſweet ſtinking tooth,
Whereas thou mightſt (as thou haſt often done)
Some ſcrapps and broken beere, for wages wone,
Which to maintaine thy ſtate had been ſome meanes
Amongſt thy fellowes, *Raſcalls*, *Rogues*, & *Queanes*.
Thou ſcuruie ſquint-eyd brazen-fac'd *Baboon*
Thou dam'd Stiggmaticall fowle *Pantaloone*,
Thou *Tauerne*, *Alehouſe Whoorehouſe*, Gig of time
That for a Groate wilt Amongſt *Tinkers* Rime.
Ile hale from Hell Grim viſag'd *Nemeſis*
Whom I will Scull or'e ſiluer *Thameſis*,
Which to & fro, ſhall ſtill torment and towze thee
And none but *Runagates* (like thee) ſhall howze thee.
Thine owne tongue (trumpet like) each where pro-
Thy ſelfe a ſeruant to my Soueraign *Iames*, (claimes
When as thy ſeruice to the King is ſuch
As *Atheiſts* vnto God, and ſcarce ſo much.

It may be (Graceles) thou haſt Graced bin
And in the Preſence didſt Admittance win, (owne
Where ſome ſtolne Rimes,& ſome things of thine
To pleaſe the eares of Greatnes thou haſt ſhowne.
Which (at the firſt hath wonne thee ſome Applawſe
Although perhaps not worth 3 barly ſtrawes,)
And you forſooth, muſt preſently giue out
Amõgſt your Kitchinſtuffe whoor-hedge bird rowt,
What Nobleman your ſcuruines did bring
Into the Court, and how our Gracious King
(As on a man moſt worthy to beſtow it)
Intitled you his Highnes *Riming-Poet.*
How dares thy ouerweening ſaucy tongue
Preſume to doe a Poets name that wrong?
How darſt thou(being altogether vile)
Attribute to thy ſelfe that Sacred ſtile?
Shall that Rare Art(which Gods and men admire
Polluted be by ſuch a ſcuruie Squire?
Shall Heau'n-bred Poeſie that ſo long hath laſted
With thy contagious breath be *Buſſard*-blaſted?

Then

Then *Homer* from thy Toomb, with ſpeed returne
And *Maro* Rouze thee from thy peacefull Vrne.
Braue *Naſo* to the world againe Retire,
And Repoſſeſſe that Rare *Promethean* fire
Which erſt inſpird you, heere you may behold
The face of Impudency ouer-bold,
That dares put on that ſweet Poetique name
Which hath eterniz'd your Immortall fame.
Reuenge you *Muſes*, vp, awake, awake,
Or euer ſinke to the *Lethean* Lake.
And you braue Moderne *Poets* whoſe ſweet lines
All Heau'nly earthly Harmony combines,
Can you, O can your Sences be ſtupidious
And ſee your ſelues abuſed thus perfidious.
Oh if the Caſe were mine, as it is yours
I would Raine vengance in reuengefull ſhowres,
Which furious ſtorme for euer ſhould diſperſe
And daſh to peices theſe baſe Groomes in verſe.
An *Aſſe* in Cloath of Gold is but an *Aſſe*,
And *Riming Raſcalls* may for *Poets* paſſe,

Amongſt

Amongſt miſiudging and illiterate Hynds
But Iudgement knowes to vſe them in their kindes.
My ſelfe knowes how (ſometimes) a verſe to frame
Yet dare I not put on a Poets name,
And I dare write with thee at any time
For what thou dareſt in either Proſe or Rime,
For thou of *Poeſy* art the verie Scum
Of *Riff-Raff-Rubiſh wit* the totall ſumme,
The loathſome *Glaunders* of all baſe abuſe
The onely *Filch-line* of each labring *Muſe*,
The *Knaue*, the *Aſſe*, the *Coxcomb* and the *Foole*
The ſcorne of *Poets*, and true wits *Cſoſe-ſtoole*.
But all your *Tauerne* and your *Alehouſe* prate
Is how your entertainment was in State,
With this Great Lord and that embrodered Knight,
With that faire Counteſſe, and that Lady bright,
Though where thou come thou ſhift & lye & lurch
As welcome as a Dog into a Church.
Doſt thinke the King and's Courtiers doth not ſee
And know that nothing good Can come from thee?

Can

Can *Swine* yeeld ſweet perfumes,
(can *Swannes* breed *Crowes?*
Can flattering *Rogues* haue but diſſembling ſhowes?
Can health be hidden in the plague or pox?
Can men take pride in fetters, bonds or ſtocks?
And more vnpoſſible then are all theſe
It is that thou ſhouldſt any wiſe man pleaſe,
Except it be a flaſh, a ſparke, a ſpurt,
Soone in, ſoone out, and then as ſweet as durt,
Or like a candl's ſnuffe, for pleaſing ſcent
Thou leau'ſt them deeply pleaſd with diſcontent,
For thou (like ſtinking *Fiſh*) art growne ſo ſtale,
A whole dayes *Rime* not worth a pot of Ale.
But ſhortly I doe hope to ſee braue ſport,
To haue thee ſoundly whip'd from out the Court,
For well I know my King will not allowe
His houſe to harbour ſuch a *Rogue* as thou.
I vow to God, my Inkhorne ile not ſhut,
Or ſleepe ſhall not mine eyes together put

Before

Before each night I write ſome ſcourging vearſe
That in Reuenge thy Iadiſh heart ſhall peirce.
For I whoſe creddit nere before was tainted,
Nor euer was with Cheating tricks acquainted,
To be by thee thus baſely vſd and croſt
And in the world my Reputation loſt,
And all by thee, that merit'ſt nought but banging
For ſure I thinke, thou'lt nere be worth the hanging.
Yet rather then thou ſhouldſt a Hanging want
I'de truſſe thee vp for naught, were *Hangmen* ſcant,
Nay I Would doe it freely, and for nothing,
And giue thy Wife againe my fee and cloathing:
Which Curteſie of mine, no doubt would moue
The creatures kindnes to requite my loue.
On her thou laidſt the fault: thou ſaid'ſt that ſhee
Did force thee baſely Runne away from mee.
Thou *Dolt*, thou *Dunce*, more blockiſh then a *Mule*,
None but a *Wittall* giues his wife the Rule.
No t'was thy Coward heart, full fraught with feare
T'was nothing elſe that made thee not appeare,

Had'ſt

Hadſt thou the Conqueſt got, I had not car'd
So thou vnto thy word hadſt had regard,
Then ſure the Players had not playd a play
But thou or I had borne away the day.
And now to giue the world a little taſt
Of the ſtrange brunts and puzzells that I paſt,
I will not write a word ſhall be vntrue
That men may know, thou vſ'd me like a Iew,
And that I doe not Raile on the ſo ſore
But that my wrongs doth vrge me to doe more.
The houſe was filld with Newters, Foes, and Freinds
And eu'ry one their money frankly ſpends,
But when I ſaw the day away did fade
And thy look'd-for Apearance was not made,
I then ſtept out their angers to appeaſe
But they all Raging like tempeſtious Seas:
Cry'd out their expectations were defeated
And how they all were Conycatch'd & Cheated,
Some laught, ſome ſwore, ſome ſtar'd & ſtamp'd and (curſt
And in confuſed humors all out burſt.

I (as I could) did ſtand the deſp'rat ſhock,
And bid the brunt of many dang'rous knock.
For now the ſtinkards, in their Irefull wraths
Bepelted me with Lome, with Stones, and Laths,
One madly fits like bottle-*Ale*, and hiſſes,
Another throwes a ſtone, and cauſe he miſſes
He yawnes and baules, and cryes Away, Away:
Another cryes out *Iohn* begin the Play,
I thinke this *Babell* of confuſed Action (ction,
Would ſure haue made thee ſtinke with feares diſtra-
One ſweares and ſtorms, another laughs & ſmiles,
Another madly would pluck off the tiles.
Some Runs to the doore to get againe their Coyne
And ſome doe ſhift and ſome againe purloine,
One valiantly ſtept out vpon the Stage
And would teare downe the Hangings in his rage.
(God graunt he may haue hanging at his end
That with me for the hangings did contend,)
Such clapping, hiſſing, ſwearing, ſtamping, ſmiling,
Applauding, ſcorning, liking, and Reuiling,

Did more torment me then a *Purgatorie*,
Yet I (in ſcorne of windie pomp ſtage glory)
Did ſtand it out, vnconquer'd, vnſubdude,
Deſpight the *Hydra*-headed multitude.
Now Goodman *dog* a halter catch your muzzell,
Your not Apperance brought me in this puzzell,
But I (to giue the Audience ſome content)
Began to Act what I before had ment:
And firſt I playd *A maundering Roguiſh creature*
(a part thou couldſt haue Acted well by nature)
Which act did paſſe, and pleaſe, and fild their Iawes
With wrinkled laughter, and with good Aplawſe.
Then came the Players, and they play'd an Act
Which greatly from my Action did detract.
For tis not poſſible for any one
To play againſt a Company alone,
And ſuch a Company (Ile boldlie ſay)
That better (nor the like) e're playd a Play.
In breife, the Play my Action did Eclips
And in a manner ſeald vp both my lipps.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe it were a black Cimmerian night
And that ſome 12 or 16 Torches light
Should make night ſeeme an Artificiall day,
And then ſuppoſe theſe torches paſt away,
Whilſt diſmall darknes ſtraight reſumes the place,
Then after all comes in with Glimm'ring pace
A ſilly Taper. How would that alone
Shew when the flaming torches all were gone?
Eu'n ſo ſeem'd I, amidſt the Guarded troope
Of Gold lac'd Actors, yet all could not droope
My fixed minde, for where true Courage rootes:
The Prouerb ſayes, once ouer ſhoes or e bootes.
T'were eaſier to ſubdue wilde *Beares* or *Bores*,
Or rowe to *High-gate* with a paire of Oares,
Or to make thee an vpright honeſt man
(Which ſure God will not, nor the Deuill can)
T'were leſſer labor to blow downe *Paules-ſteeple*
Then to Appeaſe, or pleaſe the raging p[illegible]pple.
The Play made me as ſweet in their opinions
As *Tiſpes* well fry'd in *Tarr*, or *Eggs* with *Onions*.

I, like a *Beare* vnto the ſtake was tide,
And what they ſaid, or did, I muſt abide.
A pox vpon him for a Rogue ſayes one
And with that word he throwes at me a ſtone,
A ſecond my eſtate doth ſeeme to pitty,
And ſaies my Action's good, my ſpeeches witty.
A third doth ſcrew his chaps awry, and mew,
His ſelfe conceited wiſdome ſo to ſhew.
Thus doth the *Third*, the *Fourth*, the *Fift* and *Six*
Moſt Galliemawfrey-like their humors mix.
Such Motley, Medley, Linſey Woolſey ſpeeches
Would ſure haue made thee vilifie thy breeches.
What I endur'd, vpon that earthly hell
My tongue or pen cannot diſcribe it well.
And rather then Ile doe the like once more
I would be married to an Arrant *Whore*.
And thats a Plague, I could wiſh well to thee
For it would worſer then a Hanging be.
And let me ſay my beſt in my excuſe,
The Audience all were wrong'd with great abuſe,

Great cauſe they had to take it in offence,
To come from their Affaires with ſuch expence
By Land and Water, and then at the Play
So extraordinarily to pay,
And when the thing ſhould bee which they expected
Then nothing to their likings was effected.
Their mirth to Madnes, liking turnd to Loathing
For when all came to all, all came to nothing.
Thus haſt thou had a little ſlender taſte
Of my deſignes, and how I was diſgrac'd,
For which I am beholding to you Sir,
For had you come, there had been no ſuch ſtir,
Not cauſe the people long'd thy ſelfe to ſee
But that they look'd thou ſhouldſt diſgraced bee.
To ſee vs two the people did repaire,
And not to ſee or heare, or Play or Player.
Why what a faithleſſe *Raſcall* art thou then
Dar'ſt thou to looke vpon me once agen,
Which if thou doſt, were't not for feare of Lawes
I'de ſtab my Dagger thorow both thy Iawes.

But much I ſcorne my fingers ſhould be fowle
With beating ſuch a durty *dunghill-Owle.*
But Ile Rib-roaſt thee, and bum-baſt thee ſtill
With my enraged Muſe, and angry Quill.
And ſo I leaue thy Carkas and Apparrell
Vnto the *Hangman*, who ſhall end our quarrell.
My full opinion of thee ſure is this
In no Church-booke thy name Recorded is,
But that thou waſt begotten in ſome ditch
Betwixt a *Tinker* and a *Maundring Witch*,
And ſure thy birth did equall thy begetting,
I thinke thy Mother in the Sun-ſhine ſitting,
Basking herſelfe cloſe to ſome hedge of *Thorne*
And ſo without a *Midwife* thou waſt borne.
And there the *Sunne* with his Illuſtrous Light
Screwd quite Awry the *Windowes* of thy ſight.
Then afterwards the *Matrone* thought it meet
To wrap thee vp within ſome hedg-ſtolne ſheet,
And making thee her ſweet vnchriſtian pack
Some ſix or ſeau'n yeare bare thee on her back,

Inſtructing

Inſtructing thee in the braue *Canting tong*
And how in *Pedlers French* to ſing a ſong.
And *Ryme* for *Butter-milk* for *Curds* and *Whay*
And in a *Barne* at night thy bones to lay.
This I doe thinke of thee, Ile not ſay ſo,
Thou knowſt it beſt if it be ſo or no.
This (by thine owne Report) ſome few yeares ſince
Thou *Rym'ſt* at *Grauſend* for ſome fourteen pence
I'the ſtreet, from ſeauenteen people vnreſpected
This *Graund Collection*, Iuſtly was Collected.
As I doe hope for bliſſe, I hate thee not
For any Goods or Creddit thou haſt got
In Court or Cittie. But thy praiſe Ile ſing
If any way thou didſt delight the King.
So many tedious Cares are daylie throwne
Vpon the Royall-head that weares a Crowne,
That into Action I would melt my ſpright
Thereby to giue my Sou'raigne ſome delight.
For ſuch thinges I doe loue and wiſh thee well
But that I thinke no ſuch in thee doth dwell.

Therefore

Therefore I hate thee, as thou doſt behaue
Thy ſelfe like to a couzening paltry *Knaue*.
What heere I write, vpon thee ſlle make good
And in the hazard Ile engage my blood.
But as I ſaid before, againe Ile ſay
I ſcorne on ſuch a *Raſcall*, hands to lay,
For the olde Prouerb is Authenticall
(Who touches pitch ſhalbe defilde withall.
Thou haſt a pate can forge a Mint of lies,
Elſe how i'ſt poſſible thou couldſt deuiſe
At once to flap me and the world i'th mouth
That thou waſt Rid, Eaſt, Weſt, and North, & South.
That day thou ſhouldſt haue met me on the Stage
Thou wentſt three wayes at once on pilgrimage,
Thou ſent'ſt me word tho'waſt ſent for to the Court,
Thy wife ſaid thou with ſpeed muſt make reſort
To fetch her portion out of *Warwick-ſhire*,
And the day after t'was my chance to heare,
How thou for begging of a Fellons pardon
Waſt Rid downe into *Kent* to fetch thy Guerdon.

So

So that the Portion that thou wentſt to fet
Thou from the *Gallowes* (thy beſt freind) didſt get.
But though thou rob the *Gallowes* of his fee,
It will (at laſt) for principall catch thee.
Where (for thou Guld'ſt me at the *Hope*) I hope
Thou wilt conclude thy Rogu'ry in a *Rope*,
Three *Trees*, two *Rampant*, and the other *Couchant*,
One halter *Pendant*, and a ladder *Paſſant*,
In a feild *Azure*, (clouded like the Skye)
Becauſe 'twixt Earth and Ayre I hope thou'lt dye.
Theſe Armes for thee, my Muſe hath Heralldiz'd,
And to exalt thee, them ſhee hath deuiſd.
Then when thou bidſt the world thy laſt good-night
Squint vpward, and cry *Gallowes* claime thy right.
To whoſe protection, thy Eſtate I tender,
And all thy Rights and Titles I ſurrender,
Thy Carkas and thy Manners (that are euill)
To *Tyburne*, Hangman, and (thy ſire) the Deuill.

Thine as thou haſt deſerv'd, Iohn Taylor.

To

To the Reader.

NOw honeſt Reader, (if thou be ſo) tell
Haue I not Canuas'd this ſame *Raſcall* well?
Me thinks I heare ſome ſay I am to bitter
And if I were more milde they hold it fitter.
Let ſuch men Truely but conceiue my wrong,
And thinke the Caſe did to themſelues belong.
When ſuch a Fellow with me ſhall agree
And take my money for an erneſt fee,
And make me Print a thouſand Bills and more,
And daylie on the Poſts to clap vp ſtore,
For thouſand Readers as they paſſe the way
To ſee my name engag'd to play a Play
Gainſt *William Fennor* my Antagoniſt,
And then, for me each hower to perſiſt
(Vpon his word) to ſtuddy and to write
And ſcarce in ſix weekes reſt or day or night.
And when the time is Come the play ſhould be
My oppoſite ſhould Run away from me.

And

And leaue me to be made a wondring ſtock
A ſcorne, a Bye-word, for the world to mock.
To make me looſe my Credit, and my name
To be or'e'ouded with perpetuall ſhame.
Iudge if this would not moue a man to ſpleene
To be thus baſely vſd as I haue been.
Thus to the Cenſure of the World I ſend
This ſharpe Inuectiue, which my Anger pend.
And as my wrong was publike, ſo will I
Reuenged be vpon him Publikely.
And for him I haue worſer Rodds in piſſe
Yf he but dare to Write and Anſwer this.
But if he durſt no better play the *Keaue*
Then Anſwer me, he would not Goe ſo braue.
But yet heer's one thing was almoſt forgot
Which till this time my *Muſe* remembred not,
And ſure it muſt his Fooliſhip needs, moleſt,
This hath been Read and Laught at by the beſt,
That when he dares but to the Court to come
His entertainment will be like *Iack Drum*.

To my spightfull Foes.

Like Guests vnbid, you might haue brought your stooles
For as you came, you went away like *Fooles*.
The purpose which my studie did intend
Was by no meanes any to offend,
And therefore whatsoeuer that they be
That enuiously doe Raile and snarle at me,
I can no lesse doe, but with word and pen
Informe them that they are malitious men.
Gainst no man in particular I write
But gen'rally to all that beare me spight.
I pray for them, (to make their fury madder)
God turne their hearts, or Hangman turne the ladder
Which turning sure will either mend or end them
To one of which my daylie Prayers commend them.

FINIS.